



Just Received,

30 chests Y. H. Tea,
25 do. H. S. do.
15 do. Souchang do.
10 do. Hyson do.
25 Bags Rio Coffee,
15 Boxes Saunders Caven-
dish do.
6 Kegs Ladies Twist do.
20 Bags Pepper and Pimento,
40 Matts Capia,
2 Tons Trinidad Sugar,
2,000 Wt. Double Refined
Loaf Sugar,

and a variety of articles not enumerated. for sale
by W. W. SMITH.
Dec. 6, 1836. V2—35t

Just Received,

BY the Schooner Malvina, a large assortment
of
Iron, Steel,
Wrought, Cut, and Horse
Nails; Salt, Cod Fish;
Sheet Iron, Stove Pipe;
24, 27, & 30 inch Single

STOVES;

Oils, Paints, Soap, Candles;
Brown and Loaf Sugars,
Salaratus, Teas,
Snuff, Tobacco;
7 1-2 by 8 1-2, 7 by 9 and
10 by 12 Window Glass;
Sole and Upper Leather,
Boots and Shoes;
Shovels, Spades,
Rope, Batting, Wadding,
Cotton Yarn
Horse Blankets;
Raisins,
Horehound Candy, &c. &c.

For sale VERY CHEAP, by

MUNSON & CO.

Phillipsburg, Nov. 22, 1836. 33—tf.

Notice.

THE Subscribers would say to their friends
and the public, that they are receiving from
New York, a general assortment of

Dry Goods

Groceries, Crockery
& Hardware,

which they offer for sale, at reduced prices for
Cash; or most kinds of Country produce, at their
Store in West Berkshire, Vt. Those wishing to
make good bargains will do well to call and exam-
ine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

CHAFFEE & BURLISON.
West Berkshire, Nov. 11th 1836.

RAIL-ROAD LINE

OF



Mail Stages

FROM

STANSTEAD-PLAIN

TO

ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER,
STEVENS,
CLEMENS &
TUCK.

Proprie-
tors.

FARE 3 1-2 DOLLARS, 17s 6d.

LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Satur-
day mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain
in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday
mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening.
Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please
breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus,
the advantages of this new line are obvious.

NEW YORK & MONTREAL

FURS!

Otter, South Sea Seal, Nutre,
Seal and Jenett Caps, Boas,
Ruffs, Tippets, Jenett Collars
and Gloves, Buffalo Robes,

&c. &c. &c., for sale by
W. W. SMITH.
Missiskoui Bay, Dec. 6th, 1836. V2—35

Dry Goods!!

THE Subscribers offer the following articles
for sale, at a moderate advance upon the
sterling cost, with a view to closing off their stock
previous to receiving their Spring importations

Cloths,

of various qualities and colors.

Pilot Cloths, Mohair Coatings,
Paddings, Guernsey Frocks,
Irish Knit 1-2 Hose,

a general assortment of
Hosiery and Gloves,
Buckskins, Flannels,
Cassinets, Moreens,
Shalloons, Merinoes,
Bombazeens, Bombazetts,
Lastings, light and dark fancy
Vestings, Counterpanes,
Hossacks, Gros-de-Naples,
Crapes, Velvets & Velveteens,
Ribbons, Sewing Silks & Twists,
Grey Domestic Cotton,
Beetle and Loom Shirtings,
Cotton Ticks, light and dark
Prints, Chalis dress Patterns,
Checked Poplins Silk and
Cotton Umbrellas, Parasols,
Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs,
Apron Checks, two Blue and
Turkey Stripes and Checks,
Britannias and fancy pocket
Handkerchiefs, Bark Silk do.
Cambrics, Jaconets,
Mull and Book Muslins,
Widows Lawn, Plain and
figured Bobbinet, L'Isle and
Bobbinet Laces, Quillings,
Linen and Union drills,
Table Covers, Hats, Braces,
Stocks, Writing Paper,
Sealing Wax, Threads,
Spool Cottons, Buttons
and Cotton Balls.

TERMS—6 months credit on furnishing
approved paper.—For a note @ 3 months, 2 1-2
per cent, discount & 5 per cent, allowed for cash.
MITTELEBERGER & PLATT.
Montreal, 21st Dec., 1836. V2 30—6w

SALT!!

500 Bushels St. Ubes SALT also
general assortment of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Hardware,
Crockery, Iron, Nails,
Oil, Glass, &c. &c.,

Just received and for sale by

RUSSELL & ROBERTS.

2,000 Minots

Lisbon Salt!

in fine condition, just Landed from on board the
Schooner Malvina—likewise a quantity of blown
SALT,
—ALSO—
a heavy Stock of general

Merchandise,

and for sale Wholesale & Retail by

W. W. SMITH.

Missiskoui Bay, 23d Nov., 1836. V2—35t

Farm For Sale.

WEST half of Lot No. 36, in the 12th
Concession, St. Armand, upon which is
a good comfortable Dwelling House, story and
half high, a good warm Stable, and about 30
acres of Land under improvement. The improve-
ment is new and the Land of an excellent qual-
ity, and well watered. For terms enquire of the
subscriber upon the premises.

JOHN BURHART.

St. Armand, Feb. 7, 1837. 44—tf.

THE
MISSISKOU STANDARD
IS PUBLISHED

EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,

BY

J. D. GILMAN, Printer,

To whom all Communications must be ad-
dressed; and if by mail, post paid.

POETRY.

A SHORT SOLILOQUY.

By my Maiden Aunt—aged forty.

Scene—discovers my Aunt at her toilet.
Time—New Year's Morning.

And 'tis e'en so? (abstractedly) Another year—
Alack! how time glides on—
Another year—'tis very queer:
Another year has gone.

Heaven help me! I am growing old,
And ah! (sorrowfully) I fear the Colonel
And the world too begin to think
My youth is not eternal.

Why, a grey hair (starts & shrieks) Pshaw!
Thank heaven, it is a thread— [what a fool
How it did frighten me—Oh, la;
Dear me, I'm all but dead. (out of breath)

(Takes up the thread and tries to put it through
a needle.)

Bless me, I do declare, 'tis strange—
'Tis odd I cannot thread it—
I know my sight is good enough (tries again)
But pshaw, I do not need it. (throws it down)

No, no—my hair, I'm sure, is quite
As black as 't ever was, (quite complacently)
And to complain of my eye sight,
I'm certain I've no cause.

My skin is smooth & white as snow, [approach-
My eyes have all youth's fire, (quite toward-
There is no wrinkle on my brow, (the mirror)
My teeth are all entire.

And then my form is e'en bon point.
My step is light and spry [cuts a pigeon wing]
There's many a spruce young Miss, that looks
Not half so young as I.

In fine my New-York visitors [slowly retiring,
Though one year more is gone, (face toward-
Can't estimate my age I think, (the mirror)
Much over—twenty-one. Exit.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

By the Author of 'The Vestal, or the Tale of
Pompeii.'

Let him who has never suffered from
the horrors of bashfulness, pass by this ar-
ticle. He will find here nothing with
which he can sympathize. But he who
knows the exquisite misery of a temper-
ament, whose very nature almost shuts
him out from human sympathy, while it
opens upon him the full sluices of laughter
and ridicule, he only should read, for he
only can understand, this chapter of my
sufferings. It is but a specimen of my life.
To all others it will be a sealed fountain;
and as they pass it by in the proud con-
sciousness of the unspeakable blessing of
impudence, let them thank heaven that its
waters can never flow for them.

As my object is but to give a specimen
of the numerous *contretemps* that inces-
santly beset me, the moment I appear in
ladies' society, I shall merely speak of
those that befel me at the only dinner in
Paris, to which I was invited. Though
laden with introductory letters, I never
delivered another.

I pass by the various efforts I made,
before I could master sufficient resolution
to deliver to Madame O. the one that pro-
cured for me, and a friend who came
with me, the dinner in question. I pass
by, too, my trepidation at the everlasting
peal with which the bell responded to my
timid touch. Scarcely could I distinguish
the *Parlez en Suisse*, over the porter's
lodge, where probably Swiss never stood
since its erection. I pass by, too, several
minor blunders; such as asking the porter
to direct us to 'la chambre de Madame,'
meaning her drawing room. Suffice to
say, that my less nervous companion, dic-
tionary in hand, boldly led the way; that
having traversed a goodly number of courts
and stairs, we at length arrived safely at
an ante-room, where stood a servant be-
fore a pair of folding doors, which he threw
wide open, and announced us by a pair of
names, that we should never have recog-
nized as our own, had we met them else-
where.

Already agitated, and perspiring with
nervous trepidation, this ostentatious mode
of entrance, so different from the republican
simplicity to which I was accustomed, was
a formidable trial to me. My cheeks
tingled, my knees trembled, and my heart
beated violently. I slunk silently behind
my unabashed companion, and endeavored
to gather sufficient courage, to conceal the
tremour that shook me like an ague fit.
Madame O. rose to receive us; and as we
approached her it became necessary that I
should deploy from behind my friend.
But in so doing I did not notice a large pet
dog, who comfortably stretched on a red

velvet cushion, lay napping beside his mis-
tress, directly in my path. On I went
anxious only to get through the introducto-
ry ceremonies as soon as possible, and
then to ensconce myself in some remote
corner, where,

'The world forgetting, by the world forgot.'
I might escape all notice or remark. But
truly says the French proverb, '*L'homme
se propose, mais c'est le bon Dieu qui dis-
pose*'; and very unfortunate were his dis-
positions for my intention. As I hasten-
ed on, all glowing with confusion, and
quaking with fright, just as I began my
bow, I stumbled over the detested pet,
and was suddenly precipitated head fore-
most, like an ancient battering ram, into
the lap of Miss P. overturning episodical-
ly a countryman of my own who was
seated next her, balancing his chair on the
two hind legs. To save himself, he in-
stinctively grasped the back of her chair.
—and his weight at her rear acting at the
same moment that I was hurled at her
in front, decided all hesitation, and over-
we all rolled together, the chairs upper-
most. The vile cur, who had been at the
bottom of the whole mischief, seized me
by the leg, and receiving a hearty kick in
return, added his howling to the chorus of
dismay that now filled the apartment. Hap-
pily, the female sufferer in this *mêlée*
engrossed all the sympathy and attention
of the company; but I well knew, that in
the short minute that had elapsed since I
entered the apartment, I had made three
mortal enemies, of a man, a dog, and a
lady.

For my own part, as soon as I had ex-
tricated myself from the terrible crash,
covered with confusion and shame, I re-
treated into the most obscure corner of
the room, where I sought to hide myself
and my overwhelming mortification, be-
hind the guests who were lounging about
there.

The call to dinner served as a relief to
my embarrassment, for I hoped that would
engross every one's attention, which now
I could not help feeling, must be occu-
pied with my awkwardness. Following
the company into the dining room, I saw
that each plate contained a card, on which
was written the name of the guest who
was to occupy the place thus designated.
Every one seemed to find his place by mag-
ic: but for me, four or five times did I make
the circuit of the table, looking in vain for
mine. Indeed, I know not but I might
have continued running about unnoticed by
the crowd of servants all dinner time, had
not Madame O.'s eye at length detected
me, as I circled round and round, with an
hysterically increasing rapidity, my eyes
dim with confusion and a clammy perspi-
ration bedewing every pore of my body;
and I at length sunk into my seat, when
found, fairly exhausted with mortification
and shame. Here again, I found myself
embarrassed with my hat, which, having
observed that all retained in their hands in
the drawing room, I still grasped with
nervous pertinacity. This I at length dis-
posed of, as I thought at the time, with
wonderful ingenuity; for I hung it by the
brim between my knees, spreading my
handkerchief over its open cavity.

My seat was next to a young lady,
whom of course, I was expected to enter-
tain. I entertain! Wofully I already had
I entertained the company; but I found
myself infinitely better adapted to en-
tertain a company *en masse* than *sin-
gulation*.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner
now commenced. Soup and bouillie, fish,
and fowl and flesh; *entremets* and *hors
d'œuvres*, while a regular series of servants
appeared each instant at our elbows, invit-
ing us to partake of a thousand different
dishes, and as many different kinds of wine,
all under strings of names which I no more
understood than I understood their compo-
sition, or than they did my *gaucheries*.
Resolute to avoid all further opportunities
for displaying my predominant trait, I sat
in the most obdurate silence, saying '*oui*,
to every thing that was offered me; and
eating with the most devoted application,
till in an evil hour, my fair neighbor, weary
of my silence and her own, at length
herself began a conversation, by inquiring
how I was pleased with the opera. The
question was put in an unlucky moment.
I was just raising a large morsel of pota-
toe to my mouth; and in order to reply as
quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in,
intending to swallow it as hastily. Heav-
ens! it was hot as burning lava. What
could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed
on me, waiting a reply to her question.
But my mouth was in flames. In vain I
rolled the burning morsel higher and thither,
rocking my head from side to side,
while my eyes which involuntarily I had
fixed on her, were straining from their
sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the
cause of which I believe she was ig-

norant, with an expression of amazement
and surprize at which I can laugh now
when I think of it.

'Monsieur est malade?' at length she
gently, and in an anxious tone, inquired.
I could bear no more. My mouth was
flayed with the burning mass, and smart-
ing with intolerable pain; so quietly
abandoning the point, I opened it to its
utmost, and out dropped the infernal fire-
brand upon my plate. Not the slightest
tendency to a smile, visibly ruffled the
imperturbable politeness of the lady. She
soothingly condoled with me on my mis-
fortune, then gradually led the conversation
to a variety of topics, till, exerting the
magic influence that true politeness always
exercises, I began to forget even my own
blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned
less painfully, and I could even join in the
conversation without the fear that every
word I uttered shared the fate of every ac-
tion I attempted. I even ventured to hope,
nay, to congratulate myself, that the cata-
logue of my calamities was completed for
the day.

'Let no one call himself happy before
death,' said Solon; and he said wisely.
The idea of march were not yet over-
Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nice-
ly done in butter. This I naturally enough
took for a custard pudding, which it suffi-
ciently resembled. Unfortunately, my
vocabulary was not yet extensive enough
to embrace all the technicalities of the table;
and when my fair neighbor inquired if I
were fond of *choufleur*, I verily took it to
be the French for custard pudding; and
so high was my panegyric of it, that my
plate was soon bountifully laden with it.
Alas! one single mouthful was enough
to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven
that the *choufleur* had vanished along with
it. But that remained bodily; and, as I
gazed derisively at the huge mass, that
loomed up almost as large, and as burning
as Vesuvius, my heart died within me.
Ashamed to confess my mistake, although
I could almost as readily have swallowed
an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled
manfully on against the diabolical com-
pound. I endeavored to sap the mountain
heap at its base; and shutting my eyes
and opening my mouth, to inhale as large
masses as I could without stopping to taste
it. But my stomach soon began, intelli-
gibly enough, to intimate its intention to
admit no more of this nauseous stranger
beneath its roof, if not even of expelling
that which had already gained unwelcome
admittance.

The seriousness of the task I had under-
taken, and the resolution necessary to ex-
ecute it, had given an earnestness and rap-
idity to my exertions, which appetite would
not have inspired, when my plate, having
somehow got over the edge of the table,
upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and
down & slid the disgusting mass into my
lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so
weighty a load, bent under it in its turn;
and a great proportion of it was thus safely
deposited in my hat. The plate instantly
righted itself, as I raised my person; and
as I glanced my eye round the table, and
saw that no one had noticed my disaster,
I inwardly congratulated myself that the
nauseous deception was so happily disposed
of. Resolving not to be detected, I instan-
tly rolled my handkerchief together with
all its remaining contents, and whipped it
into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted
for the drawing room, where coffee and
liqueurs were served round. Meantime, I
sought out what I considered a safe hid-
ing place for my hat, beneath a chair in
the dining room, for I dared not carry it
longer in my hand: having first thrown a
morsel of paper into the crown, to hide
the cauliflower from view should any one
chance, in seeking for his own hat, to look
into mine.

On my return to the drawing room, I
chanced to be again seated by the lady, by
whom I had sat at dinner. Our conversa-
tion was naturally resumed; and we were
in the midst of an animated discussion,
when a huge spider was seen running, like
a race horse up her arm.

'Take it off—take it off!' she ejaculated
in a terrified tone.

I was always afraid of spiders, so to
avoid touching him with my hand, I caught
my handkerchief from my pocket, and clap-
ped it at once upon the miscreant, who was
already mounting over her temple with
rapid strides. Gracious Heaven! I had
forgotten the cauliflower; which now plas-
tered over her face like an emollient poul-
tice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding
an eye of the lady; while little streamlets
of soft butter, glided down her neck and
bosom.

'Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!' exclaimed
the astonished fair.

'Mon Dieu!' was echoed from every
mouth.

LINES TO A LADY,
Who presented the author with a velvet band,
Which bound her tresses.

By Lord Byron.
This band which bound thy yellow hair,
Is mine, sweet girl! the pledge of love:
It claims the warmest, dearest care,
Like relics left of saluts above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart,
'Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee,
From me again 'twill ne'er depart,
But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip,
'Tis not so dear to me as this;
Thou, I but for a moment sip,
And banquet on the transient bliss.

This will recall each youthful scene,
E'en when our loves are on the wane.
The leaves of love will still be green,
When memory bids her bid again.

Oh! little lock of golden hair!
By gently waving ringlets curl'd,
By the dear head on which it grew,
I would not lose you for a world.

THE UNDINE OF STAUF- FENBERG.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Never did braver knight break a lance than Prince Drimingen, Count de Stauffen. He was young, accomplished, rich, and handsome: he might have aspired to the favour of the fairest and most noble lady in the kingdom; but this very circumstance seemed to present obstacles to his choice. Like a bee in a garden filled with choicest flowers, he wandered from one to another, never wearying in the pursuit of sweets, but still fickle and doubtful on which to rest. Perhaps had the fair dames of the court paid him less attention, and not allowed him to perceive the high estimation in which he was held, it would have been different; but alas! then, as now, men were apt to be spoiled by adulation, and Pierre was an example of this fact. He had been left to his own guidance, from a very early age, by reason of the death of both his parents. Surrounded, as he was, by every temptation, it would not have been very surprising, had he given in to the prevalent vices of the court; but he escaped these, and might have been perfectly happy but for caprice, which was, however, not always unenlightened by ambition.

One day returning late from hunting, he was accidentally separated from his companions. Overcome with thirst and fatigue he perceived a fountain, shaded by lofty and beautiful oak trees, at which he dismounted. He had tied up his horse, and was about to drink, when, to his surprise, he saw, seated on the opposite bank of the fountain, a damsel of wonderful beauty. He bowed low to her, and she returned his salutation, at the same time calling him by his name. The astonished count asked who she was and whence she came? 'I live near at hand,' she replied; 'I have frequently seen you, at this fountain, with your dogs and huntsmen, and thus it is that I have learnt your name.' They continued conversing for some time, each moment increasing the count's admiration; when, on hearing voices in the neighbouring thicket, she vanished. The count was surrounded in the next minute by his hunting companions, who had been vainly seeking him for some time, and they hinted that he must have been amusing himself at their expense, as they had been in the neighbourhood of the fountain all the time; and they insisted that they must have been heard before, if he had not been obstinately and wilfully deaf. One of them said jestingly, that perhaps he had been visiting the bottom of the fountain in quest of one of its fair inhabitants, as many of the neighbouring peasants declared positively that females of surprising beauty had been frequently seen on its banks, and that on the approach of footsteps they always disappeared beneath the waters. The count impatiently interrupted them, by asking whether they had not seen a female as they approached the fountain. This, however, only gave new vigour to their jokes; and at length, having sought in vain for the lovely girl, or for some trace of her dwelling, which he said was near at hand, the count, tired with his companions' mirth and full of surprise and perplexity, returned to his palace.

He could not however, for one moment, forget the fairy form and angelic countenance of the fountain beauty; his wayward heart now fancied itself fixed, and he impatiently passed the hours, till daylight enabled him to renew his search. But day after day did he vainly hope to meet her. At the hour he had first seen her he repaired constantly to the fountain, but the unknown was never there. At length, one evening, when he was pensively reclining against an oak, he heard a voice of celestial sweetness, which appeared to proceed from the depth of the water. He rose, looked on every side with the utmost anxiety, but no one was visible, and the voice was no longer to be heard. He turned to reseat himself under the oak, in the hopes that he should again hear the voice, when suddenly he beheld the unknown seated on the stone he had just left. She appeared in a most lively humour, and replied to all his questions with a fascinating language that captivated the count still more than her former behaviour he confessed his passion; she instantly became thoughtful and silent; at length, she told him to meet her at the same hour on the following day.

The chevalier was true to the appointment: at break of day the fair unknown appeared from the copse, and so beautiful she looked, that Pierre thought he beheld an angel. The ringlet of her lovely auburn hair sparkled with the morning dew,

and were bound with a wreath of blue-bells. She fixed her innocent and expressive eyes on the enamoured count, who was silent with admiration. At length he ventured to take her hand, and speak of his passion. She made him sit down by her, and thus replied to him.

'I am not a child of earth...the waters gave me being, and in the waters is my home. I am an Undine, and therefore unfit to wed with the Count of Stauffenberg. He should have with his bride, wealth and broad lands, we of the waters have neither gold nor jewels nor house nor castle. Him we love truly we wed, and when we wed we give hand with heart, and heart with hand. But reflect well, Sir Knight. If you pledge your faith to me, your love ought to be as this limpid water, and as true as the steel of your sword. A single infidelity, after we were united, would inevitably cause your death, and would make me eternally miserable. For it is the fate of our tribe, that our joys and our griefs know no end.'

The count swore that it would be equally impossible to him to live without her, or to be unfaithful. The nymph then gave him her hand. He pressed her with tenderness to his bosom, spoke to her of the delightful situation of his castle, and of the happiness which she would be surrounded as mistress, and after a long conversation they parted, having first named the day for their nuptials.

On the eve of this day the count found on his table three baskets, most elegantly ornamented, one filled with gold, another with silver, and the third with precious stones of every variety. He perceived that what she had said to him respecting her being without wealth, must have been only to ascertain whether he loved her disinterestedly, for these baskets and their contents would have sufficed for a princess' dowry. She soon afterwards appeared, attended by a numerous suite, and requested to speak in private with the count. He conducted her to another saloon, where she entreated him once more to reflect on what he was about to do, ere it should be too late to retract. 'If your love for me,' she said emphatically, 'cools for one moment, or is transferred to another, you are inevitably lost; and the sign of your approaching death will be, seeing no other part of my person but my right foot.'

The chevalier again repeated his protestations of fidelity with all the tenderness and ardour of a first and violent love, and as the lady wished to believe him true, she was not long in giving him credit for all the vows he uttered. The marriage was solemnized with the utmost splendour; days and months passed in a succession of pleasures, the young wife became each day more beautiful and amiable, and the birth of a son seemed to place their happiness beyond a possibility of doubt. But alas! nothing can be certain. A war broke out on the frontiers of France. Pierre was brave, and now ambition divided his heart with love. The countess did not choose to oppose his desire for fame, but at parting she shed many tears, entreating him not to forget his wife, nor the lovely pledge of their affections.

Pierre passed the Rhine at the head of a small and well-chosen troop, and fought under the banners of a French duke. In every engagement he distinguished himself, and in one saved the duke's life. The peace, which was soon afterwards concluded, was also brought about by his exertions, and the duke, full of gratitude, and thinking he could not pay him too much respect, offered him the hand of his youngest and fairest daughter in marriage, as a reward for his many services. Pierre's inconstancy now showed itself, and his behaviour now offered the most singular contrasts, for at the same time that he meditated the desertion of his lovely and confiding wife, the ingenuousness of his character would not allow him to deceive the duke, by concealing his marriage. He, therefore, faithfully related all that had passed. The duke shook his head, but as he much wished for the count's marriage with his daughter, he obstinately closed his eyes to the injustice of the proceeding, and declared that the whole affair must have been the work of magic, and that the eternal welfare of the count's soul depended on this most dangerous connexion being dissolved. The chaplain, when consulted, assured the chevalier that the whole of this magical delusion would vanish on his receiving the holy benediction of the church. Pierre allowed himself to be persuaded without much difficulty, and the ceremony of betrothing was performed, and the nuptials were deferred for a fortnight.

On the eve of the day appointed for the marriage, one of the count's people arrived from Stauffenberg, with the intelligence that his wife and child had disappeared from his palace on the very day of his betrothing. This information confirmed the idea that the whole was the work of magic.

Pierre, believing that he was rid of them now, and thinking of nothing but his young bride, set out with a light heart to a country palace of the duke's, where the marriage was to be celebrated. As they were all seated at table, the count, being not the least merry of the party, accidentally cast his eyes on the wall of the saloon and beheld starting from it a beautiful foot, the graceful form of which he remembered but too well. In vain did he rub his eyes, and endeavour to persuade himself that his sight deceived him, still, to his horror and dismay, this ominous appearance long remained. At length it van-

ished. The count emptied a goblet after a goblet of the choicest wine, endeavouring to drown his gloomy presentiments, and at length partly succeeded. In the evening they had to return to the duke's palace. A small and gently flowing brook crossed their path. All the company, with the exception of Pierre, passed over the bridge, but he chose to ford the stream. None opposed him, but as he reached the middle, the waters, before so placid, seemed agitated by a violent tempest, waves rose as high as those of the vexed ocean when the north wind tosses it from its very bed. The company gazed in horror from the opposite bank, and saw the count struggling with the raging element. He uttered a shriek of despair, his horse was seen to plunge, and disappear for a moment beneath the waters, in the next he gained the opposite bank, but of the unfortunate count no trace remained.

From this time every one cautiously avoided the stream, but the few who, by chance or necessity, have passed near the spot where the unhappy count disappeared, say that each night, when the moon shines brightly, a lovely female form is seen to glide over the waters. Most true it is, that plaintive notes of celestial sweetness, are often heard; and all the maidens of Stauffenberg, to this day, devoutly believe in the tale, and cite it as a proof of the fate which attends faithless lovers.

A melancholy accident, arising from most culpable carelessness, recently occurred in New York by which two children, of five & three years of age, lost their lives. They had in the morning complained of sore head and eyes and the father had been recommended to give them rhubarb. He obtained, this in a drug store, & gave it to the children, who expired shortly after. It was found, on examination, that instead of root rhubarb, opium had been given him by the druggist. The father, who is a German, but recently arrived at N. York, cannot remember the shop in which he made his purchase, but, under the direction of a police officer, was engaged in the search.

The numerous accidents which are continually mentioned in the papers, of poisonous drugs being carelessly vended instead of healing medicines, while they are sufficient to prevent the sick from entering a druggist's establishment, certainly call for the interference of every Legislature. Our own medical law (1st will. IV. c. 27) attempted to make some provision on this subject, by subjecting apothecaries to penal enactments, if they did not comply with certain restrictions in the keeping and selling of deleterious drugs, and authorised the appointment of three of the Medical Board, to visit their establishments, to see those regulations attended to. We know not whether this law has been very strictly observed, but as it will expire on the 1st May next, its utility, if acknowledged, must also terminate. The attention of all druggists cannot be so much directed to the prevention of such melancholy mistakes as that we have just recorded. Mont. Gaz.

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition.

No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to those who advertise liberally.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

STANDARD AGENTS,

Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.
Elihu Crosssett, St. Armand.
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.
Galloway Freligh, Bedford.
Capt. Jacob Raiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville.
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.
Whipple Wells, Farnham.
Henry Boright, Sutton.
William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge.
Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg.
Henry Wilson, La Cole.
Levi A. Coit, Potton.
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.
Nathan Hale, Troy.
Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor.
Horace Wells, Henryville.
Allen Wheeler, Noyan.
Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George.
E. M. Taof, Burlington, Vt.
Thos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.

Persons wishing to become Subscribers to the *Mississkoui Standard*, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.

TO THE PUBLIC.

All kinds of Job Printing, executed at this office on the shortest notice. A good supply of School certificates, blank deeds, &c. on hand, and at as low a rate as can be purchased at any other place.

Frelighsburg, February, 1836.



Cash for Wool!

NOTICE

I Shereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships. Sherbrooke, May 10, 1836. V-7t

Tenders

WILL be received at the Office of the British American Land Company, for the supply of

3000 Cedar Posts, &
3000 do. Rails.

To be delivered at Sherbrooke, on or before the 10th May next.
Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836.

Tenders

WILL be received by the British American Land Company, for the construction of 8 frame Buildings, 24 by 36 feet, according to a plan and specification, to be seen at their Office at Sherbrooke. Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836. V2 30-tf

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED!!!

Munson & Co.,

In returning thanks for the good share of Public patronage with which they have been favoured, inform their old friends and customers that they have received and are now opening at their store in Philipsburg, a very nice, well selected, and extensive assortment of

Fall & Winter GOODS!

all of which they will sell as cheap as they can be bought at any Store in the Townships, none excepted.

They add further, that they will purchase good

Pine Logs,

that will make Plank or Boards, for the southern Market, to be delivered at any responsible Saw-Mill within 10 miles of Mississkoui Bay; and will make advances on the same to any responsible person. The Logs to be delivered any time in the course of next Winter.

Philipsburg, Nov. 3, 1836.

FRANKLIN STEREO TYPE FOUNDRY

SMITH, HARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

STEREO TYPE FOUNDRY,

AT

BURLINGTON, Vt.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry, in the United States.

Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F.
BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.
College Street, Burlington Vt. }
January 12 1836.

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

DANIEL FORD.

Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11-1y.

For Sale,



AN Excellent FARM, situated upon the main road, in the flourishing Township of Farnham, adjoining the residence of Samuel Wood, Esquire, M. P. P. The farm is advantageously situated, and contains 200 acres of land—one half under good improvement, upon which there is a dwelling house, and two new barns have been recently erected with a small shed attached to one of them. Title indisputable—terms liberal. For further particulars enquire of Dr. Chamberlin, of the village of Frelighsburg, or the undersigned proprietor.

SARAH WINCHESTER.

Dunham, 3d Sept., 1836.

V. 222, 12w

REV. H. N. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR;

FOR

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions,
Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping
Cough, and all diseases of the
Chest and Lungs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietor, at Georgia, Vt. and by J. CURTIS, Druggist, St. Albans, Vt. wholesale Agent, and Joint Proprietor, where all orders at wholesale or retail, will meet with immediate attention.

A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co. Mississkoui Bay, Beardsley and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard, Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

INFORMATION wanted of William Lane, William Lane, Jun., Honor Lane, Mary Lane, or Anne Lane, who emigrated from Tragounay, in the parish of Cuba, Cornwall, to this country, about three years ago, in the barque Janus, from Falmouth to Quebec. The subscriber will feel much obliged to any individual who will be kind enough to send information to the Herald Office, Montreal, respecting any or all of the above individuals.

RICHARD PARSONS.

Editors of Newspapers in the Upper Province and Townships, are requested to insert this. Montreal, 1836.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADFLPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryat, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania says:—'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union.' The other, the enquirer, and Daily Courier, says, 'It is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 30th, 1836 says, 'The Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is daily appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable reading matter than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable it to publish, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from a British press, which cannot fail to give it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore of their subscribers as desirous to have their numbers, they have determined on issuing an enlarged edition of the Courier, in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

TEE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Talon to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Pencil Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of couplets, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for 500 dollars premiums, will add value and interest to the exceeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgwick, whose tale, Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c. whose tales, have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matters, and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the situation, &c. of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, these last, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, on a large scale, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror, being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with the best white paper of the same size as the New York Herald, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the postage).

WOODWARD & CLARK.

Philadelphia.